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In Valdese.

(By Mabel Nelson Thurston, in 'Forward.')

Travellers from the north on the way to Asheville may happen to notice, as the train begins to climb among the Carolina mountains, a beautiful white church that stands high upon a hilltop and keeps shining guard over a few low, unpainted houses. Its white beauty against the green background of the pines, and the something quaint and foreign in its architecture, win the attention at once. It is no ordinary story, one is sure, which that church is telling to those who see and listen.

If the train chances to stop for a moment, giving glimpses of little women with short skirts and heavy sabots, their wrinkled but singularly bright and vivid faces gleaming under the kerchiefs tied about their dark hair, or of sturdy children who call to each other in an unknown tongue, then one is sure that a strange people have found a home among the green hillsides and valleys, and the musical name on the signboard—'Valdese'—lingers in the mind a memory and a question.

It is, in truth, a brave and a pathetic story—that of the beautiful church and the little band who have labored for it; and North Carolina may well be proud to hold this bit of Italy within her borders.

One must go back more than two hundred years for the beginning of it—back to the time when the Waldenses of Italy, like the Huguenots of France, were fighting, suffering, dying for the sake of the religion they loved. Again and again they were driven from their homes, having endured thirty-three persecutions since 1680; many of their members even suffered martyrdom. At the times of greatest tolerance they were merely allowed to live in the Waldensian valleys; they were forbidden schools for their children, forbidden the practice of the professions, forbidden everything except the barest, poorest living. Yet, in the very land of the popes, the little handful of Protestants persisted; more than that, secretly, but perseveringly, they sent out their missionaries, facing, unflinchingly, danger of exile or death. Surely, a people like this any nation might be proud to welcome.

Some five years ago a little band of them—sixteen families in all—made the long, hard journey from Italy to Carolina, hoping in the great new country of which they had heard so much, to gain better homes for themselves and better opportunities for their children. But oh, the suffering of that terrible first year! The soil was poor, the language strange, the very sky seemed cold and unfriendly after the deep, sunny blue of their beloved Piedmont. The women, crowding back the pain of their homesickness, hushed the hungry crying of the children, and worked side by side with their husbands in the fields. That was the time when they had not even a penny to buy salt for their soup, and strong men staggered for want of food. Is it strange that little children slipped away from so sorrowful a world? Of the nineteen graves in the colony, seventeen tell where children sleep.

But, gradually, through the tireless perseverance and industry of the people, cottages were built and vineyards set out and fruit-trees blossomed pink and white about their doors; and, as they began to make the payments on their little farms, the terrible homesickness lessened. A stocking factory in the place gave employment to many of the children, who carried home their wages to help pay the debts; and money for the crops began to come in.

Then came another blow—the factory was closed; and boys—little fellows we should think them—of thirteen and fourteen, went away to the neighboring factory towns to get work. Some of the people left their farms and the green, sweet hills and went into the whirring world of machinery to toil patiently that they might at last own their homes free from debt.

But through all their hard times, God's house was not forgotten. The people themselves had no money to give, but they could

A WHITE CHURCH THAT STANDS HIGH UPON A HILLTOP.

work, and with loving zeal they cleared the land and brought the stone. Friends who knew of their poverty sent in contributions of money, but all the patient work of the more than two years that it took to build the church was their own.

During the five years many changes have come to the colony, one of the greatest being the mission school which was started two years ago. The children are quick and bright, and learn English readily, and never miss a day, if they can help it. The great difficulty is that so many of them have to leave as soon as spring comes, in order to help with the farm work. Yet so anxious are they to learn, that the older boys, after working in the fields from sunrise to dark, will hurry to the teacher's, without stopping for supper, and study there till nine or ten o'clock.

There are, in the little colony, many sights strange to American eyes. The houses themselves with their low roofs and big stone chimneys and long grape arbors extending from the porches have a quaint old-world look. Inside they are no less quaint. A few dishes stand on shelves at the sides of the big fireplace. There will be one table with a big drawer (full perhaps of loaves of bread as hard as bricks) and a couple of benches, no chairs at all. At the other end of the room, or in a separate room if the people are a little better off, will be the clumsy four-post bedsteads, big wooden chests, and a row of clothes hanging along the walls. That is all the furniture that any of these people possess.

But poor as they are, they have a fine and graceful hospitality. The visitor to their homes is always thanked for the call, even though she cannot speak a word of their patois, or of the French which most of them speak as well. The women will break a spray of fruit blossoms for her, or offer her bread or coffee or milk; the men will leave their ploughing to come and give a welcome in broken English, while the children stand about speaking only in shy, friendly smiles that belong to the world-language.

They are such happy children, though all unknowing of the childish delights of toys and candy. All the bounty of nature is theirs, freely; their little feet keep even step with the procession of the flowers, and never a bird nests in woods or meadows that their eager eyes do not discover and watch the tiny house. No wonder that 'store' games seem dull to them. Dolls—strange it may sound, but it is no less true—seem to hold no charm for these little Waldensian maids. Perhaps the babies in their own homes, whom they begin to care for when they are scarcely more than babies themselves, make dolls seem stiff and unlovely to them.

Perhaps to a stranger the most curious sight is the bread making in the colony. In the first place it is always done by the men, never by women. Not far from the church is a small wooden house containing a table

and an immense kneading trough. This is where the bread is mixed. Close beside it is a stone oven so large that one peering into it thinks what a delightful playhouse it would make on non-baking days, and the non-baking days are many, since bread for a month, sometimes for two months, is made all at once.

When bread is to be baked, a fire is made in the oven early in the morning; by nine or ten o'clock it is thoroughly heated, the fire all scraped out, and the bread, twenty or thirty loaves of it, put into the oven in its place. A wooden shovel five or six feet long is used in putting the loaves in and taking them out. When just baked, the bread is sometimes very good, but at the end of two months!— When done, the bread is taken out and put on long trays and so carried to the houses and stored away in bins or up on the rafters.

But the real life of the people is shown by their simplicity, their courtesy, their simple, earnest piety, their untiring industry. One of the missionary teachers at Valdese said she had never known the meaning of industry until she saw how these people worked. It makes them old before their time, and cuts the wrinkles deep upon the bright faces; yet after all there are much worse things than wrinkles. To be honest and kindly and loving and industrious, to hold high pure faith in God and faith in man—these are things that make life rich. The poverty of these people, sore as it is, is of the pocket only, it does not touch the heart. In the fair years we wish for them, when the burden of debt will be lifted and their homes will be their own, America will hold no more contented people than those who meet in the beautiful church at Valdese.

Generous Scholars.

MEMBERS OF JUBILEE SUNDAY-SCHOOL, LITTLE YORK, GIVE MONEY TO THE INDIAN ORPHAN FUND.

We recently received the following letter which tells its own tale of sympathy and self-denial:

(To the Editor of the 'Messenger.')

Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will please find $5.00 from the scholars of Jubilee Sunday-School, Little York, to be used for the Indian Orphan Fund. We decided to devote the first Sunday in every month towards supporting an Indian orphan. As our year begins in June we have sent you the needed $15.00 and so this is a little more towards helping another poor child. Our Sunday-school is composed of very small children.

We have been taking the 'Messenger' for over three years and all seem to like it. It is an old friend of mine as the Sunday-School where I went as a child gave it to us. We wish to renew our subscription: 20 copies for six months, for which find $2.00 extra. Yours sincerely,

Mrs. A. J. SQUIRES.

Coleman, P.O., Ont.

A Propos.

In selecting a publication don't let bulk, or cheapness, or premiums outweigh your better judgment. Neither the family food nor the family reading are matters to trifle with. Purity and wholesomeness should be the first consideration in either case. The result will be healthy minds in healthy bodies. Good quality often costs more but is always the most satisfactory in the end.

To the Crusaders of the 'Northern Messenger.'

Dear Readers,— It was very good of Mr. Joshee, of Agra, India, to write so encouragingly. I sincerely trust that all who received names are faithfully supplying those they have taken with their 'Messengers' and 'Sabbath Reading.' One little girl in India met a missionary who was a former schoolmate of mine, and said, with a beaming face: 'Some one is sending me such nice papers from America.'

Another, a native gentleman, in the Civil Service, said to a correspondent of mine: 'I thank the one who is sending my son 'The Sabbath Reading,' from the bottom of my heart.' A number have expressed by letter or by voice the sincerest thanks. I find again and again that our own Canadian paper, the 'Northern Messenger,' and 'The Sabbath Reader,' published in New York, are the favorite papers. For this fact I feel thankful because the late John Dougall, of Montreal, who was the 'Grand Old Man' of a consecrated press started those two papers as a missionary work. Thus, you see, though 'dead he yet speaketh.'

I have still a number of names on hand, both of very young people and of adults. I will be glad to send these to any one who will be faithful in sending either the 'Messenger,' or 'Sabbath Reading.' The papers will have to be clean, and it is well to send a few at a time and often, rather than in large numbers.

If you wish for a name and address, please send stamps for reply. Only write, however, if you are determined to persevere. God cannot use discouraged or easily discouraged people.

I hope that Miss Dunhill, 12 S Parade, Bangalore, India, the national organizer of the W.C.T.U., is not being forgotten. Her work is most important; she travels all over India, and is a thoroughly consecrated woman. In closing, let me say I will be glad to send names and addresses to those sending stamps for reply. I require all my own stamps for the papers now being contributed to me for mailing. Yours faithfully,

(Mrs.) M. E. COLE,
112 Irvine Avenue,
Westmount, Que.

P.S.—Please bear Miss Dunhill in mind, also Mrs. Reid, Templeton, Oftacamund, India, and Miss Moore, Soldiers' Home, Conoor, India.

These Christian people will faithfully circulate your papers and will prize all you send them that are of a Christian, undenominational character. M. E. C.

Missionary Martyrs in India.

While the Chinese mobs have been the means of inflicting martyrdom in China, many noble lives have as truly earned the martyrs' crown in famine stricken India. The Bombay 'Guardian' gives the names of fifteen, and says: 'The manner of their passing has been very different—some amongst friends and loved ones—others far from home and alone, or with no companion of their race or kin to minister to them. One lady finding herself attacked by cholera in the night, quietly sat down and made her will, and when morning dawned had "no need of the sun," for she had entered into that city whose light is the Lamb. One brother's last hour was spent singing and praising God in the midst of an astonished company of Hindus and Indian Christians upon whom it left a wonderful impression. In addition to the above, who have gone to receive their reward, a large number have been laid aside for a while, and some have been invalided home.'—'Faithful Witness.'

Trust Christ's Word.

In a time of spiritual awakening in a certain town the foreman of a factory became anxious about his soul. They pointed him to Christ as the sinner's only refuge, but he still halted.

At length his employer wrote a note asking to see him at six o'clock, when he left his work for the day. He came promptly, holding the letter in his hand.

'Do you wish to see me, James?' asked his employer.

Confounded, he held up the letter.

'Oh, I see you believe I wanted to see you, and when I sent you the message you came at once.'

'Surely, sir,' said James.

'Well ,see; here is a letter sent you by one equally in earnest,' said his employer, holding up a slip of paper. The man took it, and read slowly: 'Come—unto—me—all—ye—that labor.' His lips quivered, his eyes filled; choking with emotion, he asked, 'Am I just to believe that, in the same way I believed your letter?'

'Just the same way,' was the answer. 'If you receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater.'—The Rev. F. D. Power, D.D., in 'The Christian Endeavor World.'

Idleness and Insanity.

Many become insane for want of occupation; they inherit wealth, and with it a strait-jacket of conventionalities in which they are compelled to spend their lives. This is especially the case with women, who generally, unlike men similarly situated, cannot travel by sea or land, or employ their energies in hunting, fishing, or athletics. Men who retire from business voluntarily or because of advancing years, without modes of mental occupation, are prone to melancholy. Some fear poverty while in the midst of riches; others are out of joint with the times; others develop strange eccentricities, illustrating the proverb, 'Give an old mill nothing else to grind and it will grind flint.' A habit of reading, an interest in science, active connection with some systematized philanthropy, a profound and practical sympathy with some 'religious cult,' will postpone the date of the advent of senility.—Dr. Buckley.

Truly World Wide.

Though not quite a year old yet 'World Wide' circulates in every continent and among the islands of the sea.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

A Wise Dog.

(By Nina R. Allen, in 'Good Cheer.')

Mischief is the name of an intelligent dog of my acquaintance. She is devotedly attached to her master, Mr. Hay. As evening approaches, on almost any day, Mischief may be seen watching for his coming. She seems to know when it is time to expect him, and when twilight begins to fall she seats herself on the sofa, not far from a window, where she listens to the electric cars as they rush past the house. She pays no attention to the cars from the east, but when one comes from the west, especially if she hears it stop, she goes to the window and looks out towards the street corner where her beloved master alights. If Mr. Hay has not arrived by that car, she will go back to her seat somewhat sadly and patiently to await the next eastbound car.

ALICE SITS BY THE WINDOW.

Sometimes Alice sits by the window dreaming in the dusk, with a school book or some favorite volume on her lap, which she has been obliged to lay down on account of the failing light. Like most young people, she is fond of building air-castles. Often, after having finished some such splendid edifice, before beginning another she will notice Mischief's anxious face and say, 'Is grandpa coming, Mischief?' And the dog, hearing 'grandpa' and 'coming,' will leave her place and look up into her face wistfully, to see whether she is in earnest. If the familiar brown coat of her master is actually in sight, Mischief signifies her joy in doggish fashion, and runs to an outside door, where she jumps up and down, whining dismally, until she is let out to rush eagerly across the yard and welcome him.

Mr. Hay and his son-in-law, Mr. Browning, are in the habit of playing checkers almost every evening. At first Mischief, feeling neglected, objected to this, looking on with mournful eyes. Springing from her seat on the sofa at the end of every game, she would go to her master's side and look up into his face beseechingly, as much as to say, 'I really hope this is the last!' And when the men began another game she would go back to her place dejectedly.

After some weeks, however, she became resigned, though when her master rises to put away the checker-board for the evening she shows her delight by a series of joyful barks and by prancing around him.

Apparently she had studied the game until she knows that it takes two to play it, for if only one of the men is in the room, the dog feels entitled to undivided attention. But if either of them comes into the sitting-room where the other is, Mischief regards his coming as a signal for playing checkers.

One evening Mr. Browning came in and lay down on the sofa. The dog jumped into her master's lap, sat there a few minutes, and then ran over to Mr. Browning, took him by the arm, barked, wagged her tail, and finally whined, which is her method of persuasion. Finding that he did not understand, she went to her master, then back and forth between the two.

Mrs. Browning, who sat in the parlor, said, 'I believe she wants you to play checkers. She thinks it is a task you are obliged to do every evening, and the sooner you get through with it the better.'

Mr. Browning then asked, 'What do you want, Mischief? Do you want us to play checkers?'

As if in reply, the dog immediately started for the library, when Mr. Browning rose to get the checker board, which is kept there.

As soon as the men began to play, she seemed satisfied, and sat in a chair, looking on with a wise face, as if she might give them valuable hints as to playing, if she chose. She interfered once by trying to take a checker from the board.

The checker playing has now been going on for about a year, and during this period Mischief has apparently been developing the ability to tell time. When the hands of the clock announce that it lacks five or six minutes to ten, Mischief goes to her friends, whether they are playing where she is or in another room, and whines that it is time to stop.

The family say that they shall not be surprised if Mischief next takes a hand at checkers herself.

Little Fingers.

Busy little fingers,
  Everywhere they go;
Rosy little fingers,
  The sweetest that I know

Now into my work box,
  All the buttons finding;
Tangling up the knitting,
  Every spool unwinding.

Now into my basket,
  Where the keys are hidden;
So mischievous looking,
  Knowing it forbidden.

Then in mother's tresses,
  Now her neck enfolding;
With such sweet caresses,
  Keeping off the scolding.

Darling little fingers,
  Never, never still;
Make them, Heavenly Father,
  One day do Thy will.

—'Trained Motherhood.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is January, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Twenty Por Cent

OR PROFIT VERSUS PRINCIPLE.

(By M. A. Paull, (Mrs. John Ripley) in 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER I.—'ONLY A CIRCULAR.'

The Rev. Octavius Adair could not help looking at it. Every turn he took in that restless walk of his, up and down, down and up, and up and down again, the somewhat meagrely furnished room, which he called his 'study,' he saw it, lying clear, and in plain black and white, upon his writing table. He had already perused it, both carelessly and carefully. He had mastered its contents so thoroughly that he knew all about them, and yet every minute or two he felt impelled to pick it up again with his thin, tapering fingers, and to scan each of the particulars that were one and all engraven upon his brain.

'I think it may really be my duty to take a few shares; there is so much to be done, and my means are so extremely limited. It is not for my selfish advantage either. I should devote the profits to the promotion of my many projects for the good of my parishioners, in all of which I am at present so terribly hampered for the lack of funds.'

He paused again in his soliloquy, and in his walk, to take up the mysterious paper on his writing desk, and to once more scan its contents.

'"Twenty percent,"' he murmured to himself, as he laid it down; '"twenty percent," and a perfectly safe investment. It need not be talked about in the town, if I do decide to take a few shares. I should not think it advisable that the matter should become known. Mr. Lawrence might cavil at it; I have never taken the stand he has, but I did, of course, wear the blue for a little while, and everyone knows how favorable I am to the total abstinence movement. This action on my part need not interfere in the least with my professed principles. I was never a rabid teetotaller; I never condemned a glass of wine, for instance. I always used extremely guarded language, and if there were no drunkards in the community I should see no necessity whatever for teetotalism. If the trade in intoxicating liquors could only be placed in the hands of Christian men—and this scheme seems really to suggest that such a thing is possible—why then there would be no one to encourage an undue amount of drinking, and the cause of temperance would thereby prosper.'

At that moment a slight hesitancy crept across the confidence of his meditation. Would the twenty percent be compatible with the reduction he had suggested? But the Rev. Octavius Adair had no wish to press this matter into the foreground, so he sat himself down at his writing desk, as if to settle the business there and then.

Indecision crept over him when he took up the circular and read it afresh, as if it had a fascination for him, and the mastering of the contents which had already become almost troublesomely familiar to him, was the only thing he was called upon to do. Business terms, figures that dealt with thousands of pounds and millions of gallons and barrels, were not in his line. What special mental ability he possessed was in the direction of literary pursuits, and a taste for antiquities and heraldry. He was not considered by any of his friends to be practical or a business man. But the 20 percent promised to the shareholders in the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company, Limited,' was so very plainly an immense increase upon the rate of interest paid to him by every other investment in which he had placed any portion of his limited and modest fortune, that it proved to be a singularly tempting bait. Yes, he would take 20 shares, and if the directors kept faith with him it might be worth while to sell some consols, and take more shares. He would be prudent, and begin with 20.

So, in his usual methodical, calm, measured way, he prepared his paper and blotting pad, and then saw that he was saved a great deal of trouble, for he had merely to fill up a printed form enclosed in the circular, and return it to the secretary of the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company.'

His 'name and address.' He hesitated a good deal on that score. The postmaster knew his writing perfectly, for he was a churchwarden of his own church. Anyborough was not such a large place, but individuality was lost in the great mass, and if the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company, Limited,' sent its official papers to him, it would be talked about, and people would be suspicious. Mr. Lawrence would get to know, and Mr. Lawrence, the genial, popular Methodist minister, with whom he was on very friendly terms, had a tongue, and had a rather noisy, playful wit, which the Rev. Octavius Adair had no desire to see expended on himself for being a shareholder in the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company.'

But there was a gentle hint in the wording of the circular that was not without its effect upon the deliberateness of the clergyman. 'It is necessary that all intending shareholders should make early application for shares, as they will be allotted in the order in which the applications are received.' The form was duly filled up, and then with an exceeding anxiety that neither the postmaster, nor Mr. Lawrence, nor any of his parishioners should become acquainted with this particular transaction, the Rev. Octavius Adair took the unaccustomed precaution to walk about a mile and a half to a neighboring town, which had distinct postal arrangements, where he dropped his letter into the box, with a comfortable assurance that nobody knew anything about what was so peculiarly a matter for himself alone.

For a moment—but turning sharply round, he almost stumbled against the burly form of Mr. Lawrence, and felt a curious sensation as he reflected that that gentleman, of all others, must certainly have seen him post his missive. Could he possibly have seen it without feeling surprise? The Rev. Octavius Adair had a curious suspicion that everyone was suspecting him of writing for shares in the 'Rara Avis,' and most of all, Mr. Lawrence.

Mr. Lawrence said, 'Good morning, Mr. Adair,' and bustled on, as if in a hurry. It seemed to the clergyman's susceptible imagination, or else it was real, that Mr. Lawrence was strangely distant in his manner, and that his ruddy countenance looked decidedly ruffled. The clergyman, to give a little coloring to the idea he hoped might take root in Mr. Lawrence's mind that he had casually availed himself of that post-office, turned after him; and then, again, remembering that he had already started in the direction of Anyborough when he encountered Mr. Lawrence, he decided that he had best pursue his journey, and not attempt to have any conversation with the minister. He went along swiftly, his tall, slight figure rather more erect than was his wont; his eyes, as usual, scanning the ground more diligently than the skies; and a curious tumult of emotions in his breast.

Mr. Lawrence, turning back often, to watch him, found that he was at last quite out of sight; then the Methodist minister approached the postoffice, and dropped into it a facsimile of the circular that had just been deposited by Mr. Adair.

'It's the strangest thing in the world that I should have met him here this morning, just when I had been thinking about him,' said Mr. Lawrence to himself, 'sotto voce.' He had a habit of talking to himself when he was alone, with the apology—often laughingly uttered—that he liked to talk to a 'sensible man,' and he really might have been forgiven, for he had a sweet, musical voice, whose soft and loud tones were alike agreeable to listen to. But his usually smiling face was clouded now, and his step was less buoyant.

'I cannot say that I'm satisfied,' he said, 'I half wish the thing was out of the box. But if ever a man had an excuse for wishing to get a little money easily I have, with eight children, and my poor wife always craving for a little more than I can give her. If I were the Rev. Octavius now, with neither wife nor children, this thing would not have tempted me. I must be quieter about teetotalism than I have been. If the friends get wind of this, I should never hear the end of it. It is better that the profits of the breweries should get into good hands than bad; at least, the money will be well spent when it reaches me. I hope it won't get out, though; I should not like to lose the good opinion of Mr. Adair. We have always worked so harmoniously together.'

Mr. Adair sat down to his lonely luncheon at about the same time that Mr. Lawrence took the head of the dinner table, with his pale wife opposite him, and the eight olive branches, merry children, from 18 years of age to the toddling baby of two, just promoted to a high chair at the family gatherings, ranged around.

But neither of the gentlemen enjoyed his mid-day meal. Mr. Adair toyed with his leg of cold fowl, and mashed potatoes, and felt so miserably out of sorts that he did what was a very rare thing indeed for him to do, and a thing which he only justified on the score of ill health—he went to his sideboard, and poured out for himself half a glass of claret, which he carefully diluted with a like quantity of water, and then sipped slowly, to give himself an appetite.

Mr. Lawrence helped his wife and the children liberally to the hashed mutton, and reserved for himself a minute portion, that would have made him smile on a day when he felt cheerful and bright. He drank an unusually large quantity of water, and seemed so disinclined to eat that Mrs. Lawrence was certain he was going to be ill, and begged him to consult the doctor.

Mr. Lawrence whispered grimly to himself when he was alone, that 'twas 'only a circular.'

CHAPTER II.—THE LAWRENCES.

It was quite a common opinion in Anyborough that the Lawrences were a beautiful family. Mr. Lawrence was a general favorite in the town, his handsome, good-tempered face, his genial manners, his musical voice, were all so many credentials to insure the favor of his kind. He was a showy, attractive preacher, yet not without the will and the power to utter wholesome truths and suggestive thoughts in a plain, honest way, which everybody could understand. Mrs. Lawrence was not blessed with the sunshiny disposition and appearance of her husband; her health was not robust; she was pale in countenance and slight in form, but she was a fine woman of high principle and unbend-

ing adherence to everything which she believed to be true. The discipline and comfort in her house and household were unquestionable, and she had an enthusiasm for the right, even when the right meant inconvenience and opposition, that was contagious, especially amongst her children.

These children were—first, Muriel, a sweet, perfectly natural and therefore thoroughly attractive, girl of eighteen, just blushing into a simple, true-hearted womanhood, prettily wondering at her opening powers, yet pleasantly enjoying them. She was very much like her father in feature, and in unconscious ease of manner, but less highly colored in complexion, with soft, timid eyes, hazel in hue. The other children idolized her, perhaps because she quite forgot to idolize herself.

Then came Frank and Edward, two clever lads, just entering on apprentice life, the one to a printer, the other to a druggist. Then Tom and Charlie, school-boys. Next to these a pretty little pair of maidens, Rose and Myrtle. And, last of all, the small darling of everybody, Bertie.

It was about a week after the money of both the Rev. Octavius Adair and of the Rev. Mr. Lawrence had followed the application for shares in the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company, Limited,' that Mr. Lawrence, who had had an unusually uncomfortable time of it ever since he had determined to become a shareholder, was seated amongst his family one evening reading the 'Anyborough Weekly Chronicle,' when Mr. Aylmer was announced by the young servant, whom Mrs. Lawrence was training, and who was just as neat, orderly, and respectful as a young servant ought to be. Amongst the good works which the minister's wife most ostentatiously performed in every circuit to which her husband was appointed was this training of a young servant; not a small accomplishment to perform, as any housekeeper will admit, in every three years of life. The Lawrences always stayed three years in one circuit, and would have stayed much longer had the rules of Conference permitted.

Mr. Aylmer came into the cheerful sitting-room almost before he was announced. He was a dark young man, with a kindly honest face, although he had no pretensions whatever to beauty of countenance, save in expression. He came in as if he liked to come in, and if his gaze rested with satisfaction on the pretty face of Muriel Lawrence, who can wonder? A little piece of blue ribbon, very neatly arranged, was modestly conspicuous on his grey tweed coat.

'What news, John?' asked Mr. Lawrence, pleasantly of his visitor, when greetings had been exchanged, which with such a large family party was not merely a thing of a moment.

'I have had a letter from Mr. Cheer, sir,' said John Aylmer; 'he proposes to come for a week's mission early next month, and I think it would be for the good of the cause if we had him. You will remember that I requested him to write to me about this time. What do you think of it, sir?'

If anyone had particularly noticed Mr. Lawrence at that moment they must have seen a very unusual and uncomfortable expression spread itself over his handsome face; but everyone was busy, and did not notice it. Mrs. Lawrence, who was the surest to have seen it, was absorbed in the ingenuities of the skilful patching of sundry garments belonging to her schoolboy sons; Muriel was darning her father's socks; and Mr. Aylmer was too much interested in the way her pretty hands were occupied and her sweet face bent over them, to have any superfluous attention for Muriel's father. The rest of the young people had their own special pursuits.

'What should you advise, sir?' John Aylmer was conscious at last that Mr. Lawrence had not seconded the engagement of Mr. Cheer by the Anyborough Temperance Society—had not, indeed, made any observation on the subject; and he was a good deal surprised.

'You would be able to take the chair for us one night or more, I hope,' continued the young man; 'and do you think it would be well to ask Mr. Adair to be chairman at all during the mission? He does not wear the blue now, but I hope he maintains some interest in the cause. It might win him back again.'

'I think your chairmen should all be teetotallers,' said Mrs. Lawrence: 'it throws a shade upon a meeting when a chairman tampers with principle, even in the slightest degree. Before you ask Mr. Adair to preside you had better politely inquire of him whether he is still an abstainer.'

'Father,' said Frank. 'I heard something about Mr. Adair to-day. I heard that he has some shares in a brewery company.'

'Nonsense,' said Mr. Lawrence, in a much sharper tone than was usual to him: 'it isn't in the least likely. What temptation could there be to a man without wife or child to invest in such a company? He must have plenty of money for all his needs, without seeking such exorbitant interest as those brewery people profess to give.'

'What is your authority for such a statement, Frank?' asked his mother, gravely.

'I heard someone tell Mr. Ferndale so,' answered the lad; 'he did not speak as if it was a secret.'

'My dear,' said Mrs. Lawrence, turning to her husband in her gentle, yet decided way; 'I think it is your duty to have this matter cleared up. It will prejudice Mr. Adair with many of his parishioners if this idea gets about. It is the part of a true friend to give him the opportunity to contradict it. You must call to-morrow.'

Mr. Lawrence did not respond so heartily to this suggestion as she expected him to do, but addressed himself to Mr. Aylmer, in regard to the engagement of Mr. Cheer. So many difficulties occurred to him, so many meetings were thought of which would clash with the proposed temperance meetings, that the young and earnest temperance secretary was quite surprised. It was very evident that, for some reason, Mr. Lawrence was not inclined to further the advent of Mr. Cheer in Anyborough at this particular time.

'I have called a committee meeting for to-morrow night at 7 o'clock, to consider Mr. Cheer's proposal,' said John Aylmer; 'but as you know, Mr. Lawrence, I always like to get your opinion beforehand. Now I must abide by their decision, of course; but unless you are able to help us, as you always have done, the affair won't go half so well. Muriel, you will help the choir, won't you?'

'Am I not a member of the Anyborough Blue Ribbon Choir?' said Muriel, playfully. 'Do you think that I shall desert my post?'

'Thank you. I should find it difficult to believe that you would leave anything undone which you could do, to help forward the dear old cause.'

John Aylmer stayed a while longer, to chat on other subjects, and then joined in a game at bagatelle, and finally shared the bread and cheese supper of the Lawrences. He went away more fascinated than ever with the gentle Muriel.

'You will see Mr. Adair, and sift this idle report to the bottom, dear?' said Mrs. Lawrence to her husband, when they were alone. 'Suppose it had been said of you, I think Mr. Adair would let you know about it. But however that may be, you have only one thing to do.'

'I am not sure about that,' said Mr. Lawrence; 'idle tittle-tattle is best ignored by everybody. Mr. Adair is a man perfectly able to take care of his own reputation.'

Mrs. Lawrence had not heard her husband say anything which astonished her so much for a very long while, but she was silent. He would think better of it on the morrow. Perhaps he had been working a little too hard lately, or the pie-crust of the last batch of pastry had been rather rich. It was so seldom that Albert Lawrence said disagreeable things to anyone, and least of all to his wife, that she felt quite inclined to make excuses for him. Mrs. Lawrence was not usually a sound sleeper; she was too good a mother for that, and had had too many years of semi-wakefulness with her children. But Mr. Lawrence had hardly known what sleeplessness meant; a healthy constitution, an easy conscience, plenty of fresh air, and plain, wholesome food; had all conduced to quiet rest, until that unfortunate day when he resolved to put some money in the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company.' Since then, miserable dreams disturbed him almost oftener than the night, a troubled conscience made for him a troubled pillow, and the arguments he had used against strong drink, the cases he had cited of the misery attendant upon its use, marshalled themselves in grim array at his bedside, and refused to be driven off.

But policy whispered that he had gone too far to retreat; to sell his shares would be more stupid than to keep them.

(To be continued.)

Burden Bearing.

(By Eben E. Rexford, in 'Wellspring.')

There have come to me times when my feet would falter,
In rough, steep pathways and dreary plain,
Beneath the burden that I must carry
Through days of trial and nights of pain.
Not mine alone but the woes of others
Pressed heavy and sore on my aching heart,
And often the world went out in darkness
Of tears, that would all unbidden start.

Why must I suffer for others' sorrow,
Since my own life had its share of pain?
No need had I from my friend to borrow,
But ever my fight against fate was vain.
The wearisome burden of life and living,
Was mine to shrink from and mine to bear,
So long as my heart could feel for others
And so long as the world had woes to share.

'Why must I bear what others bear not?'
I cried from the depths of my soul's sore pain.
'Would another bear my burdens for me?'
Then a vision rose in the mist and rain,
And I saw a hill that was steep and stony,
Under a sky that was sad with loss,
And, up toward the summit, wearily climbing,
One bowed to earth with a heavy cross.

'Forgive, oh, forgive, thou Man of Sorrows!'
I cried, and was silent for grief and shame.
What was my load to the load he carried?
A burden only in thought and name!
What do I know of the woes that Christ knew?
Could I feel a tithe of them, Lord, and live?
Thou who hast borne the sins of the whole world,
Thou who hast died for all men—forgive!

Sample Copies.

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In the Camp of the Enemy

(By R. B. Buckham, in 'N. Y. Observer.')

It was Saturday afternoon, and Harry Hale was debating how he could best enjoy the rest of his holiday; for the last day of the week was always his to spend exactly as he chose; his day of rest and recreation, to be devoted to such sports and pastimes as should meet his fancy. On this particular day he had remained at home in the morning, assisting his mother in her domestic duties; and he had enjoyed it all thoroughly, too, for her words of commendation and approval were sweet to hear, in his estimation.

But now it was afternoon, and as there was nothing farther that he could do to be of service at home, he was puzzling his brain as to what he should turn his attention to next. 'I believe I will take a stroll through the village,' he at length exclaimed, jumping to his feet and sallying out into the road, 'perhaps something will turn up of itself.'

As he sauntered up toward the top of the hill, his eye rested on the village church, with its tall and graceful spire pointing heavenward. 'Somehow,' he mused to himself as he trudged along, 'somehow, I like that church, I don't know just why, but every time I look at it a happy and contented feeling comes over me, and that hymn which the grown people sing so often comes to my mind,' and he began to hum it over to himself:

'I love Thy Church, O God. Her walls before Thee stand
Dear as the apple of Thine eye, and graven on Thy hand.'

As he came opposite the building, Harry noticed that its door was open, and approached to investigate. Cautiously he peered within, endeavoring to ascertain if anyone was there. At first he could distinguish no one in the dim and mellow light which pervaded its interior, but as his eyes became accustomed to the subdued light, he descried the outline of a tall form moving about among the tiers of seats. It was the pastor of the village.

At the same moment he was observed as well, and greeted with a kindly welcome. 'Come in, Harry, come in. Did you wish to see me? Is there anything that I can do for you ?' The lad was somewhat taken aback, but frankly explained that he was thinking of the church as he passed, and seeing the door open, entered to see if all was right. 'And cannot I be of some assistance to you here, Mr. Elwood?' he concluded, 'I should like very much to do something for the church this afternoon.'

Mr. Elwood took good care to give him some work, well pleased with the spirit which the boy had shown, and seeing in it much promise for the future. As the two worked together, the elder engaged in earnest conversation with his young companion, curiously enough quoting from the very hymn which had occurred to Harry:

'For her my tears shall fall, for her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given, till toils and cares shall end.'

and assuring him that the spirit of fidelity and devotion to the church was the spirit of the Master Himself.

Harry soon afterward parted with his friend, acknowledging to himself that it was the pleasantest Saturday afternoon that he had ever spent, and resolving that as soon as opportunity offered, he would again devote himself to the same purpose. And opportunity soon did offer itself, and in a manner which he little anticipated.

On his way back to the village, he stopped for a time at the principal store of the place. On the broad porch, which extended across the entire front of the building, a group of rough looking men were assembled, talking together in low tones. Harry did not fail to catch a few of their words, as he stood near, and especially those of Nick Kennedy, the liquor dealer, who seemed to be their leader.

'I tell you what it is, lads, we'll hold our first meeting to-night in the camp of the enemy. Mark my words, in the very camp of the enemy.' The group broke up and entered the store, and Harry passed on, wondering what Kennedy could have meant by his remark.

The Hale homestead was situated on a slight eminence commanding a wide view on all sides, and from his window Harry could look out over a wide sweep of landscape. As he was about to retire that evening, he stepped to the window to take a last look at the familiar prospect before drawing the curtain.

The moon had just risen, shedding its silver light over all, and he could distinctly see every prominent object, far and near. There, spread out before him, were the several farm buildings, the orchard, the highway, and beyond, the hill crowned with the meeting-house, as though lifting itself in silent benediction upon the community about; faithfully keeping its charge, though now deserted and abandoned to the night.

But was it deserted, after all? Was not that the flicker of a light in its far-distant windows? Could it have been but the reflection of the moon? No, there it was again. Someone was in the church. Harry was at a loss to account for the presence of the light. It could not be that Mr. Elwood was still there, for he had taken his departure long ago. Was it possible that the building was on fire?

With the first suggestion of the thought, the lad remembered his resolution of the afternoon, and in an instant more his mind was made up that he would go immediately to the hill, in order to give the alarm in time to save the building if all was not right. Quietly descending the stairs and softly closing the door behind him, that he might not disturb the inmates of the house, he hurried up the highway at the top of his speed until he was again before the building on the hill. Its door was slightly ajar, as before, and again he noiselessly stole in.

To his astonishment he saw that a number of men were assembled there, and he soon recognized among them the group he had seen at the store in the afternoon. Kennedy himself was standing before them, speaking, and his words were distinctly audible to the lad.

'Oh, you needn't be afeerd about the light, fellers,' he was saying, 'the people of this town were abed and asleep long ago. They'll never see it. They're too slow for that. But now for business. As I told you before to-day, that 'ere meddlin' preacher Elwood is a-goin' to start a temperance crusade here in town, so I hear, and it'll be sure to end in our bein' deprived of the only enjoyment we have in life, if we don't do somethin' to stop him, and quick, too. Now, what shall we do? That's what I want to know, and that's what we're here to consider.'

'Hank Davis,' called one of the listeners, 'you can tell us, I know you can. You were smart enough to pick the lock of the door, just now, anyway, and let us in here.' But Davis could not, and in fact none of the others could either, and their leader finally announced that they would adjourn until the following Tuesday night at eleven o'clock sharp, which would give them ample time to think it over, when they would assemble again. 'Be sure to be here, Hank, to let us in,' added someone.

Harry waited to hear no more, but crept out unobserved, and lost no time in returning home. On the morrow he informed his friend, Mr. Elwood, of all that he had seen and heard. The good man was dismayed upon learning that any members of the village should have taken part in such a thoughtless and ungodly affair.

'Davis, Wheelwright, Bromway and Marten do such a thing as that,' he exclaimed, as Harry named them over, 'why I am astonished. I knew that these men took no interest in the church, and never attended services, and I feared that they had taken to drink and bad ways; and it was in the hope of reclaiming such as they that I was intending to attempt to arouse more interest in temperance.'

'They are all good men at heart,' he continued, 'and should be in better business, every one of them. I must try to do something for them at once. And—Harry, you were glad to assist me yesterday, would you be willing to do so again?'

'Yes, yes,' cried the lad fervently.

'Then be at my home Tuesday evening after tea, and I will tell you what I wish you to do, but meantime say nothing whatever about this wretched affair to anyone.'

About eleven o'clock on the following Tuesday evening, several dark forms could have been seen stealing out of the woods at the rear of the village church, and cautiously approaching. Then one of their number with a false key adroitly threw back the great bolt of the door, and they entered, securely fastening and barricading the door behind them. A close observer might also have seen a stalwart little fellow steal stealthily down from the loft, soon after, and unlock it again, and remove the many barricades placed against it.

When all were seated within, Kennedy, the liquor-dealer, again addressed them. 'I tell you this is no trifling matter which we are to consider to-night, and I trust that ye've all thought it over well. What action shall we take, boys, let someone say?'

As no one had anything to volunteer, their spokesman began calling upon each in turn. As he put his question to the last one present without getting any response, he finally cried out in dismay: 'Has no one a word to say to us to-night?'

'Yes, I have,' replied a firm yet kindly voice, and at that instant a tall form stepped boldly into their midst, whom each at once recognized as Parson Elwood. One and all were so taken aback by his sudden appearance as to be unable to move or even utter a word. They stared at him in blank

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amazement, while, as Harry afterwards affirmed, for he had stolen in meantime, he delivered to them the most searching exhortation that he had ever listened to. 'It fairly made the tears run down my cheeks to hear him,' the lad was wont to add in relating the incident.

Of a sudden Hank Davis sprang to his feet and seized the speaker's hand, crying: 'I didn't like this miserable business from the start, and I'm done with liquor, lads, from this day forth.'

All enthusiastically followed his example except Kennedy, who slunk out of the door, and left town that very night, his selfish, mercenary object now having become patent to all. Temperance meetings were held, and were attended not alone by Davis and his associates, but by many of their acquaintances, all of whom were convinced of the advisability of leaving strong drink alone for the future.

How Alice Helped the Charter

(By Kathleen.)

Along a dusty country road on a burning summer morning trudged Alice Martin, a tired girl of sixteen, going to her daily work. The sleeves of her cotton blouse hung limply in the heat, her black skirt and big strong shoes were white with dust, her usually pale face was flushed a lovely pink, and her bright blue eyes looked out wistfully upon the sunlit path before her.

A day's washing in a tiny scullery was the task awaiting her; yesterday, it had been cleaning house in preparation for a new batch of lodgers; to-morrow, she would be at home, doing the family washing, a large one, as usual, for five small brothers and sisters made work always plentiful.

The thought of all this labor did not weigh heavily upon Alice as a rule, but, of course, she had her hours of depression when the world seemed like a wilderness and her daily round grew unendurable. But then it was, as Alice said—'something always happened.' Just when she felt as if she must break down, that watchful Providence in which she believed with all her heart, brought relief from the weary strain of work. It was often only a tiny thing that happened—too small to be noticed by anybody else. For instance, the sunset, or the singing of the birds rested her as she walked home again at the end of a long day, and made the two miles stretching between her work and rest quite short and pleasant; or kindly praise from those she worked for; or, best of all, a few words or a smile from her friend, Miss Arthur. It would be impossible to tell in one short sentence all the joy that came to Alice from that source.

And that was the way she found relief on that brilliant July morning. Alice heard behind her the whirr of a bicycle rushing through the dust; caught a glimpse of a dainty figure in white, and smiled brightly in response to a gay 'Good morning, Alice; another warm day, isn't it?' That was all, and soon the bicycle and its rider formed but a speck in the distance. Alice, however, no longer found the way dreary nor the day too hard for her. Her thoughts went back to last Sunday afternoon when, in a quiet corner of the village church, Miss Arthur had talked to her class as usual. Alice always enjoyed herself during that quiet hour. Their teacher seemed to know just what to say to girls, and although every now and then she would go away from Eccle and live in London for a little while, that only made her talks more interesting when she returned again.

For instance, last Sunday she had told them about the great Convention which the Endeavorers had been holding at the Alexandra Palace, and which she had attended every day. They had a tiny C. E. Society in Eccle, but it only had twelve members, and the girls could scarcely believe that such a mighty host of men and women had all signed the pledge they knew so well and were trying more or less to keep. Miss Arthur described to them the big white tents decorated with gay banners; tried to make them imagine the singing of those wondrous Endeavor hymns, and told about the enthusiastic greetings given to favorite speakers. Best of all, perhaps, the girls liked to hear about Dr. and Mrs. Clark, and how it all began. The story of that first society in a small American town reminded them of their own little gatherings held in Miss Arthur's sitting-room on winter evenings.

'And, last of all, girls,' said their teacher, as lesson time came to an end, 'I want you to remember that these meetings were not held simply that some people might talk and others listen. They were held to help us all to work better. I have told you about several kinds of work that anyone of us might do—now I want you to choose your own and do it.'

'That's just like Miss Arthur,' said Alice's friend, Amy, as they went home together. 'She always winds up with—what are you going to do? It would be different if we had time and money, but what is anybody to find in Eccle. We can't go out as missionaries or learn to make speeches, I'm sure.'

'No,' said Alice, 'but we ought to do something. I wish I could help to pass the Children's Charter. It would be a lovely thing to keep children away from public-houses. Ever since Nellie went wrong I've hated them.'

'Yes,' said Amy soberly. 'It's true enough, she got into bad company hanging round the "Maynard Arms." And she went there first to fetch her father's dinner beer. Mother says little Nancy goes now, and will soon be like her sister if they are not careful.'

'Oh, dear,' sighed Alice. 'How can we keep her out of it? It's a shame. And yet, no one dare speak to Mrs. Peters, her temper is so bad.'

'That's true,' answered Amy. 'I often wonder how her husband stands it—a nice, respectable man like that.'

The girls parted, but Alice did not forget the conversation. How could Nancy Peters be kept from going to the public-house?

Of course, if the law had been passed, it might have been prevented, but it was not, and Miss Arthur said many months of hard work and waiting must go by before it could be now.

'No use putting off till then,' said practical Alice to herself. She washed and washed, and thought and thought, until at last she said to herself:

'Well, I'll try it, anyway, it's the only thing I can think of.'

On her way home she bought two lemons and some sugar, and next morning when she started work in the wash-house at the end of their garden, she put a jug of lemonade and a glass in a shady corner outside. As it grew near twelve o'clock she listened to the footsteps coming down the road.

'That's him,' she said at last, and went out to the garden gate and called:

'Mr. Peters, can you stop a minute?'

'Surely,' answered the grey-haired laborer. 'It looks fine and shady under your trees.'

'Yes,' said Alice. 'Step in a minute and taste my lemonade.'

'That's fine,' said Mr. Peters, with keen appreciation as he drained the glass. 'I've never tasted better. I don't see much of you now, Alice, since my girl went away.'

'No,' said Alice, softly. 'You never hear of her now, I suppose.'

'Nay, lass, and never will, I fear. That night she came home drunk, her mother turned her out, and where she went no one knows.'

There was a pause, and then Alice said:

'Mr. Peters, you don't want Nance to go the same way.'

The old man started.

'God forbid, my girl. Surely one's enough.'

'Yes,' said Alice. 'But, Mr. Peters, Nellie got used to going to the "Maynard Arms" to fetch your beer, and Nancy does it now.'

'Ay, that's true,' said Mr. Peters, and got up hastily. 'Well, I must be going, I'm much obliged.'

Alice watched as the old man went heavily down the road.

'I've tried, anyway,' she said to herself. 'But I don't think it will be any good.'

. . . . . .

'Alice, Alice,' cried her little brother a few days afterwards. 'Nance Peters wants to know if you'll teach her to make lemonade. Her father says he's tired of beer.'—'Temperance Record.'

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The Future of Tammany—New York 'Times.'
Mr. Dooley on International Amenities—By F. P. Dunne, in Manchester 'Guardian.'
Exclusion of Consumptives—New York 'Tribune.'
Lessons of the Boer War—By Major-Gen. O. O. Howard, in the Boston 'Transcript.'
Burmah—A review by Archibald R. Colquhoun, in 'Morning Post,' London.
An Inside View of Scotland Yard—'Westminster Budget.'
Our Unhappy Divisions: A plea for the recognition of non-Episcopal Churches—By Canon Hensley Henson, in 'Contemporary Review.'
Value of a Royal Mummy—'Morning Post,' London.
Death of ex-Governor Eyre—'The Times,' London.
The Zionist Movement—From a Correspondent in the 'Daily News,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Brunelleschi 'Daily Mail,' London.
Some Confessions of an Illustrator—By Harry Furniss, in 'English Illustrated Magazine.'
Mr. Harry Furniss—'Morning Post,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Birthday Wish—Verse by F.G.S., in 'Westminster Budget.'
The Physick Garden—A Poem by D. K. Broster, Oxford, in 'The Pilot,' London.
Maksim Gorky—By R. Nesbit-Bain, in 'Monthly Review,' London.
What's 'What's What?—'The Academy,' London.
The Poverty of India—'Daily News,' London.
Kipling and the Classics—Chicago 'Inter-Ocean.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

London Fogs—By W. N. Shaw, in 'Nature.'
Scientific Discussion of the Jonah Problem—An old criticism reprinted in the 'Lancet.'
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Mother Nell.

One evening in May, when my cousin Herbert was sowing seeds in his garden, he was startled by a dreadful cry. 'Whatever has happened?' he said to himself, then he stood still and listened, and the next moment a louder yelp rang out and was followed by others.

'One of the dogs in a trap,' he thought, then he started off towards the plantation from which the sounds had come.

He had not gone many yards when Nell, his favorite dog, rushed past him, and on reaching the plantation, he found her standing beside the trap in which was caught a paw of one of her puppies.

The dear old mother was licking the poor paw which she could not set free, and Herbert says that when she looked up at him her eyes were full of tears.

He quickly unfastened the trap, then he took the poor puppy in his arms and carried him home, and bathed the wound which the iron teeth had made.

POOR FRISKY CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

Mother Nell kept close to him all the time; and ever since that evening she has shown him more love than bfore.

Is not this a proof that she was really grateful for the help given to her pup, and that she does not forget a kind deed?—'The Prize.'

The Missionary Potatoes.

'What's the matter, chickens ? Not homesick, I hope?' and grandpa stopped to empty his pockets of their load of big red apples. 'Make the most of them ; winter apples are about gone. Now, munch away and tell me your woes.'

''Taint much, grandpa. Ralph and I have been trying to plan about something, and we can't think of a thing. You see it's this way, at our last band meeting before we came away, all us members were given five cents apiece to see how much money we could make out of 'em by Fall.'

'To buy drums, I suppose?' interrupted grandpa.

'Drums! Why, whatever—?'

'Well, you spoke of a band meeting, and bands have to have musical instruments, don't they?' asked grandpa soberly.

Donald and Ralph had a laugh together that chased the shadows out of their eyes before they explained that it was a mission band they were talking about, and the money they wanted to make was for the heathen.

'Little Chineses, grandpa, and Japs and all of 'em,' explained Ralph. 'They need it awfully, they truly do.'

'Yes, and we thought we'd make a lot. You see we live so near the Athletic Park, that whenever anything is going on there like baseball or football, lots of people go past our house, and we were going to sell 'em lemonade, "two cents a glass and three for five," put in Ralph, 'and peanuts and things. But papa got sick and mamma had to go away with him, and we had to come here, and by the time we all get home again it will be fall and everything will be over. I guess we'll have to take our two little nickels back same way as we got 'em.'

'Just the same as we got 'em,' echoed Ralph mournfully,

'Well, well, we must see about that,' said grandpa briskly. 'It seems to me that a farm of this size ought to help us out. Are you willing to work for your money, boys?'

'Just give us the chance,' demanded Donald, proudly, while Ralph violently nodded assent.

Grandpa went on:

'I've been cutting potatoes this morning, ready to plant. Do you see that basket on the porch? I'll give you the potatoes in it for your ten cents, and throw in ground enough to cultivate them in, all ploughed and ready, Then you can plant and tend them; I'll show you how and lend you the tools, but you must do the work yourselves, so you can honestly say you earned the money. When your crop is ready for market I'll promise to get a fair price for all you raise. Where are you going, Donald?'

'To get the nickels,' called a voice from the hall

Grandpa laughed.

'It's a bargain, then?'

Don was back in no time, and with glowing cheeks.

'Well, I just guess so! It's perfectly splendid,' exclaimed Ralph, as he dropped the coins into grandpa's hand, saying gratefully,

'You are awful good to help us so. You'll see, sir, if one weed grows in our farm!'

It was very exciting, the planting of those potatoes! Every piece was laid carefully in its own little 'nest,' as Ralph said, and lovingly covered over and patted down by chubby, grimy hands; stakes were driven at the corners, so there could be no mistake as to the exact size of 'our garden,' and woe to the chickens that dared to scratch for worms in that rich black soil. For a few days they took turns acting

as sentinel, for fear of possible visits from moles or gophers. The wildest excitement prevailed when the green tops appeared above ground.

Grandpa and grandma, Debby the cook, and John the hired man, had to go and see the wonderful sight, though acres were all about them. Of course the first novelty soon wore off, but the boys were in earnest, and worked faithfully with hoe and rake all the long weeks while the green vines grew and finally blossomed.

When at last grandpa declared the time for digging had come, and offered to have the potatoes ploughed out with his, they respectfully but firmly declined, and together they dug and measured the contents of every hill.

'Three bushels, grandpa, good and full,' announced Donald proudly, while Ralph added, 'That's right, sir, I helped to measure 'em.'

Grandpa tossed the boys up into the big waggon that had come to the field for a load. Then he and John lifted the three big sacks in, and grandpa said:

'That's a showing no farmer need be ashamed of. There won't be a finer article in the market to-morrow, and you can count on a good price for them. You've earned it fair and square, my boys, and I'm proud of you.'

Both little faces flushed happily as the boys rode backward, keeping watch of their precious load. Their cup of joy was full next day when two crisp paper dollars and two shining halves came out of grandpa's purse as their reward for the summer's work.

'A dollar and a half apiece! It seems too good to be true,' exclaimed Donald with dancing eyes.

'It is true, though,' declared Ralph, giving his money a loving pat.

'It don't seem like three bushels of big white potatoes could have grown out of those pieces we planted last spring, does it, Ralph?'

'I 'spect Jesus helped 'em 'cause he knew they were all for him,' whispered the little brother, and Donald thought so, too. — 'Christian Work.'

Saved, but Scarred.

('League Journal.')

'Now, boys, don't be later than five, for I'm sure you'll be tired and hungry enough by that time.' And kind, pleasant Mrs. Mewburn stuffed sandwiches into the boys' pockets; then, leaving them for a moment, she returned with a decanter of wine and glasses, saying, 'The New Year does not come every day,' and poured out some wine for them. Her own boys drank it readily, but their visitor, Louis Brown, hesitated a little before he took the wine in his hand. Ere he raised it to his lips a gentleman approached, and exclaimed in a very grieved tone, 'Oh! Louis!' The boy set down the glass looking rather ashamed, and hastened away with his impatient companions. 'Really, cousin, you look and speak as if the boy were about to commit a sin,' said Mrs. Mewburn, a frown furrowing her brow. 'You know what I think about that, Edith,' said Mr. Brown, 'and I did not expect you would have offered wine to my boy.' 'Now, don't scold me,' was the laughing answer, 'and I'll promise to be good in future.'

Two evenings after this incident, Mr. Brown and Louis were returning from the village, to Mrs. Mewburn's, when Mr. Brown said, 'Louis, why did you not at once refuse the wine Mrs, Mewburn offered you the other day?' Louis blushed, and finally stammered, 'The others, papa, — they laugh at me for refusing it.' 'Louis, Louis! are you such a coward that a laugh will turn you from doing right ?' The boy looked too much ashamed to answer, and Mr. Brown said, 'You don't suppose, Louis, that I would ask you to do anything you need be ashamed of?' 'No, father; but—but you don't think I would become a drunkard?' 'You will not if you have nothing to do with the drink that so degrades men.' 'But I don't mean that.' 'Then, in no other way will you be perfectly safe.' There was silence between them for a little while, then Louis said slowly, as if doubting how the question would be received, 'Father, what made you become an abstainer?' 'It was with a sore heart I learned that lesson, my boy. I often wonder my eyes were never open till then to all the havoc and desolation drink works among us. I had a very dear friend with whom I became acquainted at college; he was clever and handsome, determined and persevering. But he learned to drink, and drink mastered him; his strong mind and will sank under it, and he was drifting helplessly to ruin when another friend of his resolved to save him. Poor Frank was anxious to be free from the bonds that held him, but he had lost all power over himself, and he could do nothing but resign himself tc his friend's care. He took him away from all his old associations, and entered upon a kind of voluntary banishment with him. It must have been a terribly trying position, for Frank required constant watching, and he would sometimes plead, even with tears, for a little of the poison that he knew had so nearly destroyed him; but his friend was firm, and as the appetite decreased Frank began to gain strength mentally and bodily. Before he returned to his friends he vowed that he never again would touch intoxicating liquors, and he kept his vow until his death several years after. I saw him often, but what a wreck of his former self he was! All the ardor and spring of his life gone, unable for any lengthened exertion of mind or body. Oh! Louis, his fate taught me that a drunkard may be saved, but he will be scarred all his life afterwards. And how many, how many are never saved at all.' Mr. Brown's voice faltered, and he said no more. Louis walked by his side very thoughtfully and silently, until the bright firelight in Mrs. Mewburn's dining-room, shining out into the dusk, warned him that their walk was nearly over. Then he laid his hand on his father's arm, and said, 'Father, I will keep to your way; I won't run the risk.' 'May God help you, and keep you in that resolve,' said Mr. Brown solemnly. Louis kept his resolve in spite of laugh or jest, and when he left his father's home to do battle with the world Mr. Brown felt assured that, whatever difficulties and troubles he might meet with, they would never be the shameful ones caused by drink.

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JANUARY 31 1902.

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 26.

The Lame Man Healed.

Acts iii., 1-10. Read the whole chapter. Memory verses.

Daily Readings.

Monday, Jan. 20.—Acts iii., 1-16.
Tuesday, Jan. 21.—Acts iii., 17-26.
Wednesday, Jan. 22.—Matt. ix., 1-8.
Thursday, Jan. 23.—Luke x., 1-9, 17-20.
Friday, Jan. 24.—John v., 1-9.
Saturday, Jan. 25.—Phil. ii., 1-11.
Sunday, Jan. 26.—John xx., 24-31.

Golden Text.

'The Lord is my strength and my song, and he is become my salvation.'—Exodus xv., 2.

Lesson Text.

(1) Now Peter and John went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour. (2) And a certain man lame from his mother's womb was carried, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them that entered into the temple; (3) Who seeing Peter and John about to go into the temple asked an alms. (4) And Peter, fastening his eyes upon him with John, said, Look on us. (5) And he gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something of them. (6) Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk. (7) And he took him by the right hand, and lifted him up: and immediately his feet and ancle bones received strength. (8) And he leaping up stood and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God. (9) And all the people saw him walking and praising God: (10) And they knew that it was he which sat for alms at the Beautiful gate of the temple: and they were filled with wonder and amazement at that which had happened unto him. (11) And as the lame man which was healed held Peter and John, all the people ran together unto them in the porch that is called Solomon's greatly wondering. (12) And when Peter saw it, he answered unto the people, Ye men of Israel, why marvel ye at this? or why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power of holiness we had made this man to walk? (13) The God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God of our fathers, hath glorified his Son Jesus; whom ye delivered up, and denied him in the presence of Pilate, when he was determined to let him go. (14) But ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you; (15) And killed the Prince of life, whom God hath raised from the dead: whereof we are witnesses. (16) And his name through faith in his name hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know: yea, the faith which is by him hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all.

Suggestions.

(From 'Peloubet's Notes.')

Now Peter and John. Two chiefest among the apostles, and most advanced in the knowledge of Jesus. 'The eldest and the youngest, probably of the noble twelve.' They were old friends at Bethsaida, and partners in the fishing business on the Sea of Galilee (Luke v., 10). They were both disciples of John the Baptist. Both had followed Jesus almost from the first. Both were with him on the Mount of Transfiguration, and within the gates of Gethsemane. Widely different in character, they were closest of friends, alike in principle, devotion, and purpose. They were like different notes in a harmony, different instruments in an orchestra, different colors in the spectrum. Went up. 'Were going up' as in R. V. . From their homes, or some meeting-place of the disciples, they ascended the temple hill, and were going up from one terrace to another in the temple courts. For each inner court was on a higher level than the adjoining outer one. They had come into the temple. That is, into the great Court of the Gentiles, and were crossing toward the Court of the Women, which, according to Kitto, 'was the common place for worshippers, both men and women.' It was the custom of the early Christians to worship in their old accustomed way, as well as in the new ways taught them by the Spirit. If they broke 'the old bottles' before the new were prepared, they would lose the very spirit and power of worship. As it was, they filled the old forms full of the spirit of worship. At, *in* 'for.' So as to be there at the hour of prayer. The hours of incense and of sacrifice were hours of prayer. See Luke i., 9-10, where it is said that the people were praying while the priest offered the incense. Being the ninth hour. Or about three o'clock in the afternoon, the hour of the evening sacrifice.

2. And a certain man lame. All we know of his history is (1) that he was born with the cause of his lameness, making the cure more wonderful; (2) that it was caused by a weakness of the feet and ankles (v. 7); (3) that it was so bad that he could not walk, but had to be carried; (4) that he was poor; (5) that he was over forty years old (Acts iv., 22). Was carried. 'The man was being carried at the hour of worship, when the temple would be filled with worshippers.'—Knowling. And they were in the act of carrying him at the time Peter and John were going in. The two arrivals were coincident.

Silver and gold have I none. Peter had left all to follow Jesus, and was dependent on others for his support, as Jesus had commanded (Matt. x., 9). The statement shows that the apostles had not enriched themselves by the generosity of the new converts, but joined with them in their benevolence. No one had given up more for Jesus than they; but they asked for themselves no more than the most obscure believer. But such as I have give I thee. The presence of the Holy Spirit, the power to heal in Jesus' name, the knowledge of salvation and eternal life, the power to show the way of peace and joy, and the loving kindness of the heavenly Father. The great works of the gospel cannot be done by silver and gold. They cannot give peace, or comfort, healing of body or soul, forgiveness of sins, the love of God, salvation, character, or any of the best things. The men who have done the most for the world have not been known for their riches. Jesus was poor, and Paul, and Luther, and the Wesleys, and Milton, Homer, Socrates, Dante. Peter had greater gifts to bestow than if he had possessed 'the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,' or had 'Affluent Fortune emptied all her horn' into his cup. In the name. The name expresses the whole being,—his character, powers, and heart. Of Jesus Christ. As the efficient cause, as the real living giver. Christ healed in his own name, the apostles in Christ's name. Because this expressed the real facts of the case. And because if the apostles worked miracles in their own name, it would have drawn attention to themselves, and not to the Saviour; while now, both Jesus and the apostles pointed men to the Messiah, and thus to God. Of Nazareth. This is added to make perfectly clear to whom he referred. This one, so despised by the Jews, proves himself to be the Messiah, and to be now living, by doing now the same works he had done when in the flesh. Rise up and walk. The R. V., as in the best MSS., has simply 'walk.' 'This, at the first view, might have seemed an absurd command. For the cripple might have readily objected, Why hast thou not first given me legs and feet? For this is a plain mock, when as thou biddest a man without feet to go.'—Calvin. 'But the man understood the words aright; for they were interpreted to him by the tingling life that, as they were uttered, rushed triumphantly into his dead limbs.'—Kitto.

His feet and ankle bones received strength. 'The language denotes with medical precision the nature of the restoration; the tread gained muscular firmness; the ankle joints new strength and play.'—Rendall.

Practical Suggestions.—Only such as a person has can he give to others. 'Peter could work the miracle, because in himself had the miracle been wrought' by the Holy Spirit. We cannot kindle others unless we ourselves are on fire. Warm words without a warm heart leave us but 'a mountain of ice in a sea of fire.' If one has courage, hope, love, goodness, he can infuse them into other souls. If he himself is full of doubts, hate, ill-temper, bad passions, it is these he will impart to those around him, and by no means can such an one impart to others the good he has not himself. Hence it is that the most important element in teaching and in preaching is the man behind them. 'In engineering,' said Dr. Gregg, 'it is a rule that a cannon should be one hundred times heavier than its shot. A man's character should be a hundred times heavier than what he says.' What would the teaching of Jesus have accomplished without his knowledge and power as the Son of God, and his perfect example of his own teaching. What a double motive is here for being good, and acquiring all spirituality and virtue, and, above all, for possessing the living Christ, that we may help others to know and love him.

This opportunity came to the apostles by the wayside, while they were on the way to another duty. Some of our best privileges and most useful hours come to us in this way.

We are never shut out from the means of great usefulness because we have not much money. But the greater gifts cost the giver more than money, as it is harder to be than to do. Yet money may be used as an instrument through which the higher spirit works.

The Source of the Healing (vs. 12-15). Peter declares the power does not lie in the apostles, as John the Baptist denied that he was the Christ. It would, indeed, be a marvel if by their (12) own power or holiness they had made this man to walk. The power came from Jesus, the Prince of life, whom they had rejected and killed, destroying their only hope of personal or national salvation. But their God, the God of their fathers and of their nation, raised him up from the dead, triumphing over their evil, and proving that he was the Messiah of their hopes, and again presenting him to them for their acceptance.

The Means of Salvation was Faith (vs. 16-17). 16. Through faith in his name. . . . the faith which is by him. Salvation came to the lame man, and will come to you if you will believe and receive him. And there is hope, because through ignorance ye did it. 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

Jesus is the Promised Messiah (v. 18). You think he cannot be your Messiah because he was slain. But that is one proof that he is the Messiah, for your own prophets foretold it of him.

Therefore Repent and Turn Again (vs. 19-21). In view of this truth and because thus your sins may be blotted out. And 'so there may come seasons of refreshing' to you, of new spiritual life, not only in the future, but in the present, such as had just been witnessed, a foretaste of the visible and glorious presence when the Lord shall return in glory. Therefore, repent, for there is coming a restoration of all things, the glorious Messianic times foretold by all the prophets who have spoken God's words from the beginning.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Jan. 26.—Topic.—Missions: the missionary awakening. In my heart, my church, Christ's church everywhere.—Rom. xiii., 10-14.

Junior C. E. Topic.

MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS.

Mon., Jan. 20.—In pleasant places.—Ps. xvi., 6.

Tues., Jan. 21.—A good medicine.—Prov. xvii., 22.

Wed., Jan. 22.—Content with our lot.—1 Tim. vi., 6-8.

Thu., Jan. 23.—Rest in God.—Ps. xxxvii., 7.

Fri., Jan. 24.—A feast.—Prov. xv., 15-16.

Sat., Jan. 25.—God's promise.—Heb. xiii., 5

Sun., Jan. 26.—Topic.—Make the best of things.—Phil. iv., 4-7, 11-12.

The infidel sneeringly remarks: 'Two-thirds of the church members of this country are women.' Very true. It is also true that out of 45,000 convicts in our State prisons, more than 43,000 are men.—'American Paper.'

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Temperance

Cookery as a Combatant.

The following message in reprint has been sent to us from across the seas:—

Cooks who are sociologists, and sociologists who believe in the efficacy of good cooking, endorse the statements made by Jacob Riis, the New York reformer, that the alcoholic taste is in most cases the craving of an improperly nourished body for stimulants

'Physical health and the happiness of the home is the aim of good cooking. The mere pleasure of the palate is a minor consideration,' said Mrs. Alice Pelubet Norton, instructor in cooking and domestic science at the Chicago Institute. She continued:—

'A saloon keeper of Boston said a few years ago that nothing had hurt his business so much as the introduction of courses in cooking into the public schools. It is but reasonable that such should be the case. When a man is properly nourished he will not yield so easily to the craving for alcohol. When women are overworked and undernourished they very often drink strong tea in large quantities; the principle is the same as in the case of the men who go to the saloons.

'It is not difficult to make a choice steak palatable, but when the meat is of poor quality great skill is needed. The same is true in the preparation of the cheaper vegetables, such as beans. When the wife knows how to select the best that her means will afford, and then has skill in preparing it, the tone of the home is wholesome at least. Good food and pure water are the chief essentials of health, and those who have them are usually in a good condition to resist the innumerable disease germs to which every one is exposed.

'Starvation is possible even to the well-to-do who do not understand the value of different foods. There are many persons in good circumstances who, through ignorance, do not eat the things that their bodies require, and I am sure that there are children who literally starve on dainties. It is of the first importance for this science of foods to be understood by all classes. I think with Mr. Riis that here lies the shortest path to the destruction of the saloon.'

Mrs. Caroline K. Sherman, one of the two women of the Board of Education, says:—'The hatchet cannot be compared to the cooking school as a promoter of temperance. If a man gets good, well-cooked food at home, he is not apt to buy beer in saloons to get free lunch.' We had this moral point in mind and used it as an argument when we first began to work for cooking schools. We now have twelve cooking centres. Nearly all of them are in the poorer sections of the city, where the people do not know how to buy things for the table, or how to prepare them. Anyone who sees what is served up to some of the poorer working men at their homes will not be surprised that those men prefer to spend five or ten cents in a saloon and get something better to eat. I think the cooking school is as valuable to girls as a business training is to boys.—'League Journal.'

After the Boys.

During Major Hilton's meetings in Cincinnati he related a story of a boy in Chicago, nine years of age, who came to school drunk, and being taken in the arms of an officer, his head pillowed on his breast, he coaxed the little one to tell him where he got the vile stuff. After thinking a moment he got up and felt in his pocket, which was filled with old nails, bits of string, a top, etc., but he could not see the thing he wanted; he looked on the floor, and there he saw what he had dropped, a bright picture card, on the edge of which were small squares and some of these were punched. 'What is this,' the officer asked. 'My beer card; each boy gets a card and each hole is a drink, and the boy that gets the most holes in a month gets a prize.' There are three prizes, a pistol, a story of three Devils, and a whiskey cocktail.

One of the Cincinnati teachers felt impressed to relate the story to a class of fifty-five boys. The eager eyes, the distressed looks will not be forgotten. Then they opened their hearts to her how men in Cincinnati 'play pool,' and the winner receives brass checks for drinks, and gives them to the boys at the baseball ground on Sunday. 'Can I get some of them?' said she. 'Yes'm.' 'Well, bring me some.' During the rest of the week in the press of school duties, the matter was forgotten by the busy teacher, but not by the boys.

When school was called on Monday morning, the first question was, 'Will you take the checks now, Miss R?' and, immediately four brass checks were handed to her, each bearing the name of the saloonkeeper and five cents.

This is the way the men push the saloon business. A man who is mean enough to sell rum, is, as a rule, mean enough to do almost anything.—W. L. Hastings.

Correspondence

Oakville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have just taken the 'Northern Messenger,' one year, but, would not do without it. I got the 'Bagster Bible' that you sent me on Christmas Eve. I am much pleased with it. I count it one of my Christmas presents. I thank you very much for it. I close wishing you and all the readers of the 'Northern Messenger,' a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

SARAH A. BOOCOCK.

[Each of our little readers can have a Bagster's Bible same as our little friend acknowledges by sending four subscriptions for 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each.—Editor.]

Sinclair Station, Man.

Dear Editor,—I go to school. I am in the third book. I have four brothers and two sisters. I am nine years old. I have taken the 'Messenger' for a year, and find that I can hardly do without it. D. J. M.

Uxbridge, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a dog, named Jack, and though he is a bull terrier he is very gentle. When I am not feeling well and am lying on the sofa he does not like to come near me at all. I go to Sunday-school and day school. I am ten years old.

ALMA.

Armstrong, Iowa.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. I go to day school every day, and I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. After school I sell candy and that is the way I sent for the 'Messenger.' I have saved seventeen dollars this summer, since July. BENNIE W.

Strabane, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen a letter from Strabane. I have a pet: a kitten. I call it Kitty. My birthday is on Dec. 13. I am nine years old. I wonder if any body else's is on the same day as mine. I have a new sleigh and there is a good hill to sleigh-ride down, and a pond to skate and slide on.

HELEN I. N.

Clarenceville, Que.

Dear Editor,—As I am a new subscriber to the 'Messenger' I have not seen any letters from Clarenceville, so I thought I would write one. I am eight years old. I go to the model school. I am in the second reader. I have a sister and a baby brother. We live on a farm in the village. We have a number of cows, three horses, sheep, pigs, geese, and seventy-five hens. For pets I have some doves, a dog, and two cats. We had a Christmas tree and entertainment.

CECIL O. D.

Strathlorn, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I never saw any letters from Strathlorn. I take the 'Messenger' and like it very much. For pets, I have two cats, and a dog, named Soot. I have two sisters and two brothers. I go to school every day, and I read in the fifth book. I study four books. Lake Ainslie is close to the school and we have great fun skating in the winter. The railway station is right beside the school. We can see the trains passing all day by looking out of the school house window. My birthday is on June 24, and I am twelve years old. A. M. McK.

North River, P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl thirteen years old. I have two pets: a cat, named Harry, and a dog, named Sis. Santa Claus brought me a lovely doll last Xmas. I call her Lena, after my best friend. My little cousin, Kathleen, often comes over to play dolls with me. We have a great time. I have six big dolls and two little ones. One goes to sleep and another says papa and mama when you pull a string. I wonder if any other little girl has the same birthday as I. It is on March 18.

HELEN IOLA W.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Thrifty Woman.

The woman who will take thought, and more especially forethought, in details of household management, may save herself much in money and in wear of nerve and muscle which is wasted by her less prudent sisters. But plan she never so wisely, she is, after all, more or less at the mercy of those uncalculating ones.

The thrifty woman does not intend when she has a letter to despatch in haste, to be hindered by lack of writing materials or the final touch of postage stamp. But what is she to do, if, on sitting down at her desk, she finds that her last guest has used her stamps and mislaid her note paper?

If the thrifty woman live in the country, far from the semi-daily grocer and the possibility of 'sending the children out' for the emergency spool of thread or bottle of paregoric, her well-stored shelves and closets invite the incursions of careless neighbors, who 'knew Mrs. C. never is out of anything.'

If she be an economist of time, and thus incur the reproach of having more leisure than usually pertains to women in her circumstances, she is the prey of the morning caller who doesn't 'mind coming here at any hour, for, as I tell people, Mrs. C. is so systematic she never seems to have any work to do;' or she is invited to contribute liberally to other people's church fairs, because she 'has plenty of time.'

Such services may be given ungrudgingly in every case; but that does not alter the fact that in the long run they represent a drain on her pocket-book and her nervous force which would not have been demanded of her but for her actual superiorities in executive matters.

But when a thrifty woman came to a philosopher, making her moan in some such words as these I have written, the philosopher said 'Well, would you rather be the other kind of woman?' And on reflection, the thrifty woman owned that, as of old, virtue is its own reward.

'But still,' she persisted, 'I do think there ought to be some kind of social adjustment by which the economist might be saved from becoming a promoter of thriftlessness in others.'—'Good Housekeeping.'

A Conversational Test.

There are persons who have no fund whatever of small talk. They are apt to glory in this fact, and prefer not to talk at all rather than carry on a surface chitchat. At home they may be very instructive and interesting friends. Among strangers they are likely to be regarded as bores or dampers. An ability for light easy conversation is a useful commodity among summer acquaintances encountered at hotels or on excursions. This does not mean talk about the weather or gossip It is easy enough to chat with neighbors and friends, who know our homes, our acquaintances, our tastes. But can we talk agreeably with strangers and avoid such subjects of conversation as ourselves, our diet, our theology, our domestic rivals, our beloved children? That is a conversational test. There are plenty of impersonal topics on which to exchange ideas with strangers. If you cannot find them, it is time to take yourself to task and cultivate the art of pleasing and stimulating conversation.—'Congregationalist.'

An Erect Position.

An erect position is positively necessary for good digestion and perfect health. It can only be sustained by deep breathings, strong chest muscles, and a vigorous will is of the most benefit when supported by clear understanding. Therefore give your children a simple yet comprehensive talk on the structure of the body and the composition of the bones. Impress upon their minds the great need of keeping an erect position now while their bodies are growing. Teach them, and not only teach them, but prove to them by actual exercises, how much more easily and gracefully the body folds itself together when we stoop to pick anything up, or when we sit, and how unnecessary it is to bend the shoulders at all. Teach them in walking to hold up the chin, and to look square ahead. Whenever it is possible, awake in your children that innate pride which instinctively associates the stooped form with sluggishness and inactivity.—New York

Polish.

There is a simple mixture of kerosene and linseed oil, two parts of kerosene to one of linseed oil, which makes the best furniture polish that has come to my notice. This should only be mixed a little at a time. Some use turpentine, but this is not nearly so trustworthy, as it will dull instead of brighten the polish in time. After the piece of furniture to be treated has been well dusted, take a soft piece of flannel, and dip it in the preparation; rub a small surface of woodwork, and then take another small surface, allowing the first to stand while this is being done; then take a clean flannel, and rub until the polish shines to suit you. This will leave a polish brilliant and beautiful. If this polishing takes place occasionally, the furniture may be kept looking like new for an almost indefinite time; indeed, I might say indefinitely, if it is all of wood. Be sure the rags are absolutely clean and free from dust; the same ones may be used, and washed to use again as long as they last.

Selected Recipes.

Rice Snowballs.—Boil half a cup of rice in milk until tender and quite dry, then turn into small cups (that have been wet in cold water) and set aside to cool. When cold and firm, turn out on a glass dish, put a spoonful of red currant jelly on the top of each and pour around them a rich custard.

Grandma's Doughnuts.—One egg beaten light, one cup of sugar and a little salt, one cup sour milk sweetened with one teaspoon soda, four and one-half teaspoons melted lard; mix with flour to make a stiff dough. Fry in hot lard and dust with cinnamon and sugar.

Northern Messenger Mail Bag

Elcho.

Kind Sirs,—I write to inform you that I received the 'Bagster Bible,' which I got, in return for getting up a club of four subscribers, and was very much pleased with it. Thanking you for the same, I remain yours truly, WILLIAM BEAMER.

Westover, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I have received your 'Bagster's Bible,' which was sent to me as a premium, and I think it a very nice one. I hope that others will receive as nice a one. I have received the sample package also, which I am going to distribute. I always enjoy reading the 'Northern Messenger' and think it a very nice paper. Yours truly,

LAUN HUNTER.

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